



THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

VICTORY OF THE CORNELL FRESHMAN CREW.

THE DAY ALL THAT COULD BE DESIRED—NO DELAYS IN STARTING—FAILURE OF THE SINGLE-SCULL RACE—THE RACE TO BE ROWED AGAIN TO-DAY—THE CORNELL VICTOR IN THE FRESHMAN RACE.

The University contests at Saratoga began yesterday with the single-scull race, for which there had been seven entries. Five men withdrew, leaving the representatives of Yale and Harvard to contest the race. Owing to a misunderstanding, the Yale boat did not appear, and the Harvard boat was rowed over the course alone. The race will be repeated to-day. The Freshman race was contested by the crews of Harvard, Cornell, Brown, and Princeton. The Cornell crew won the race by a surprising spurt at the finish. Brown lost the victory by "catching a crab." Harvard was second.

THE STUDENTS IN POSSESSION OF THE TOWN.

TUESDAY'S RACES AN ATTRACTION TO COLLEGE MEN, IF NOT TO THE REST OF THE WORLD—THE REIGN OF RIBBONS—SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS OF THE STUDENTS—JOHN MORRISSEY'S PLACE MORE FREQUENTED BY STUDENTS THAN IN '74.

[BY TELEGRAPH FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SARATOGA, July 13.—Just as one star differeth from another star in glory, so the Freshman race is of inferior magnitude to the larger contest to-morrow; but its inferiority is in kind rather than in degree. To the college world, whose axis now runs through Saratoga County, it is full of interest. When the athletic honor of their college is concerned, the upper classmen and the graduate will about themselves hoarse to encourage Freshmen, as vigorously as if the class spirit was a myth, and they were Freshmen themselves again. The phalanx of sight-seers will come to-morrow, and the elasticity of the corporate limits of Saratoga will be taxed to the uttermost; but to-day the town belongs to the students. One sweep of the eye is proof enough of this.

The fashion of ribbons has risen to a rage to-day, and the whole population has flowered into all the possible and impossible colors of the rainbow. There are families divided against themselves on color lines, when the father stands by the Yale blue, and the son rebels in favor of Columbia, going him one better on blue and white, while the daughter clings to her sweetheart's colors, and enters her flaming protest for Harvard. One carriage that drove to the lake, filled with a merry throng, was curiously and evenly divided in this way, Yale and Columbia disputing the majority. The coachman was the balance of power, and he carried the day by the blue pennant to his whip. The three delegations which are strongest are Yale, Columbia, and Harvard, and which has the plurality will be hard to say. The numbers of each amount up into hundreds. Princeton has a strong backing, while the other colleges are made known by bright patches of color here and there.

In the pause of discussion and prediction as to the results of the contests, aggregated Young America goes into the business of flirtation with a system and an energy that would do credit to more important and intricate transactions. All the girls will agree that it would be well if they adhered to so innocent a pursuit. But the splendors of Mr. Morrissey's magnificent drawing-room allure even those accustomed to seeing fine parlors, and his select Institute is said to be crowded nightly with students. Last year, there were so many objections raised to Saratoga, because Mr. Morrissey was a member of the business community, and because of his peculiar method of making a living, that the students generally avoided his mansion, which, in the rural districts, is supposed to present an interior of solid gold, varied with precious stones as big as eggs, and to have subterranean connection with the bottomless pit. This year the fear of scandal seems to have left them, fully one-half of the players being reported to be college men. Large stories are told of the good luck which some of them have enjoyed.

But there are many men here of a staidier sort. With all the immature and weak faces that meet you in a crowd of students, and with all the marks of dissipation and frivolity that one can read there, the hosts of college men who are filling every hotel and covering every sidewalk in Saratoga to-day are, in the main, a hearty and manly looking set of fellows, of which no country and no college need be ashamed.

A WALK OVER FOR HARVARD AT SINGLE SCULLS.

THE WEATHER OF OLD PROBABILITIES' VERY BEST CONTRIVANCE—A RESPECTABLE SHOW OF VISITORS ON THE GRAND STAND—FIVE OF THE SEVEN ENTRIES FOR THE RACE WITHDRAWN—YALE'S FAILURE TO APPEAR—THE POPULAR MYSTIFICATION—MR. WELLS ROWS OVER THE COURSE ALONE.

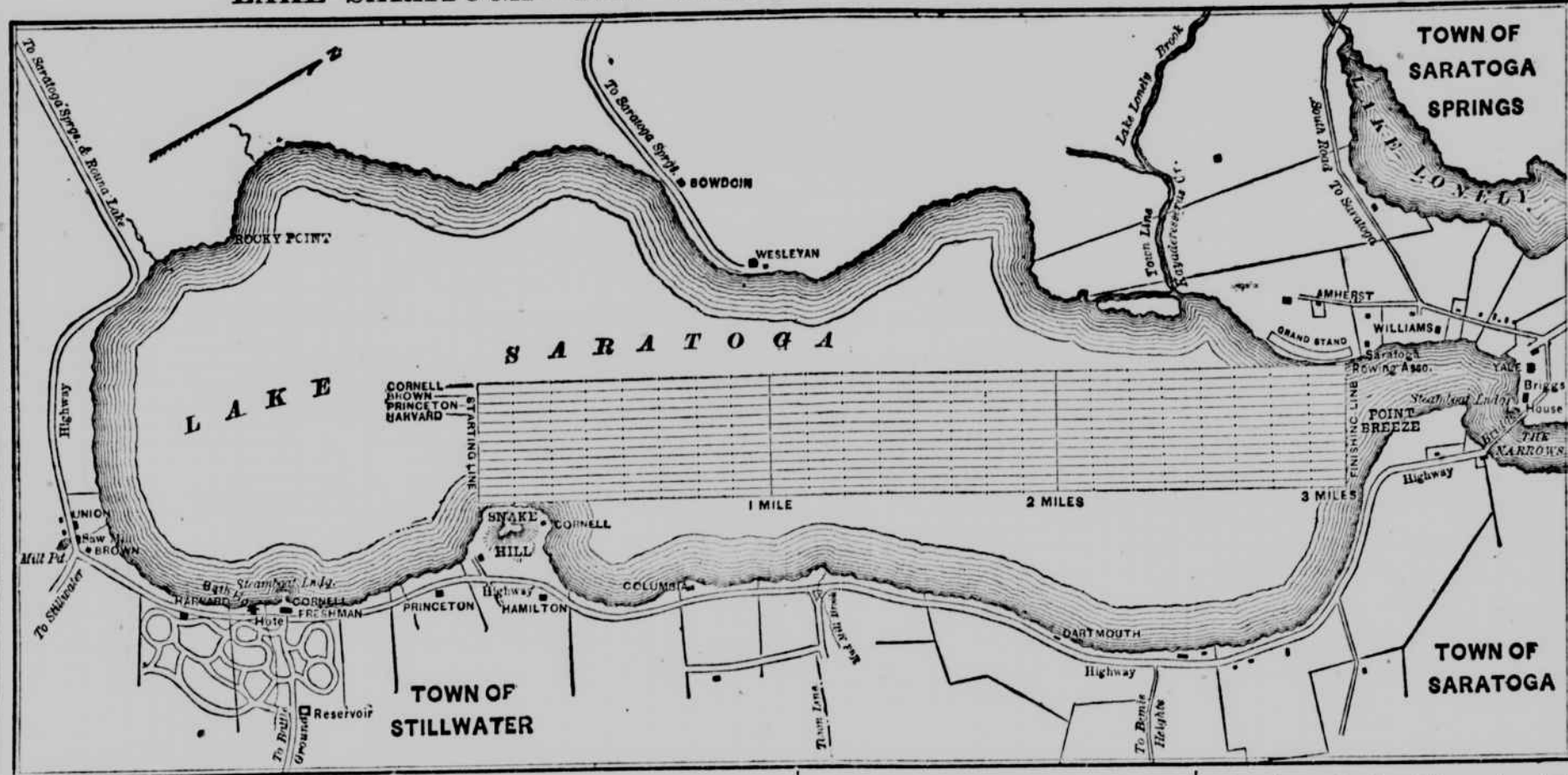
[BY TELEGRAPH FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SARATOGA, July 13.—The events of the first day comprised, as college contests so often do, a failure and a surprise. The single scull race came to naught. Harvard gained the cup without any contest, while in the pull for the Freshman flag, the Cornell crew won a race, in which they seemed to be beaten from the start until the very eve of the finish. The weather had been arranged, like everything else, to perfection. The sun poured down until a genial heat, and across the sky there drifted now and then great wisps of white, while around the horizon was spread a haze that softened every outline in the prospect. The rain that a low dark line in the west seemed to promise was slow in coming, and the fierce storm of hail and rain that fell later did not reach us until all the cars were at rest, and crews and spectators were safely housed in the town. The water at the time set for the races was as smooth as a sea of glass. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Wells, who were to pull the single scull race together, without outside competition, were paddling about comfortably in their shells. Mr. Kennedy was in a white shirt and blue trousers; Mr. Wells was in crimson cap and trousers, whose nature has tanned him to a brilliant maroon. There is some of the good old regatta muddle, fuss, and bother about the wharves and grand stand, but far less than ever before, and the press boat was down to the start in good season, with a good prospect that the race would start within three-quarters of an hour of the appointed time, a thing rarely known in College regatta annals.

THE CROWDS ON THE GRAND STAND.

The enormous grand stand in the distance, as viewed from the press boat, presented a moderately black appearance, and as the steamers passed, the crowd of students, hurrying about something made a highly respectable show. Under the 250 feet of the stand, which is covered with awning, the crowd was dense, and the position just outside of it, over which the crimson of Harvard, the garnet of Union, the rose-pink of Hamilton, and the blue of Yale, waved, was about as full. This was probably because they are nearest the center of attraction, rather than because the students are so numerous. Down toward the end, the adherents of the different colleges grow fewer and fewer, and when we come to Williams on the end, the light shines through the bones of the stand freely, and the men look like a small party of blue clubbing over a trellis. Six thousand persons

LAKE SARATOGA—THE COURSES OF THE FRESHMAN CREWS.



occupy seats on the grand stand, which is doing pretty well for the Freshmen race.

YALE AND HARVARD LEFT TO CONTEST THIS RACE ALONE.

But one single sculler, Mr. Wells of Harvard, is down at the start. The Made, the fast Referee's boat, cuts down with a streamer as long as herself streaking out behind, carrying My Lords of the Regatta Committee, who survey the scene in glory from her comfortable seats. Harvard and Yale expected to fight this first race out together in the old style. Out of seven entries all withdrew except Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Wells. Mr. Kennedy is No. 5 in Mr. Cook's boat, and Yale was in great fear lest he might tire or hurt himself. If Mr. Wells should smash himself or anybody else Harvard will bear up with comparative equanimity, as he is no part of the precious University Crew. Mr. C. S. Francis of Troy, who was expected to carry the Cornell colors in this race, did not enter his name.

A RACE, OR WHAT?

Considerable bustle was seen about the start. A six-oar came pulling up, which turned out to be a crew of the old Columbia men—Mr. Cornell, Mr. Timpeon, Mr. Griswold, Mr. George Rives, and one or two others. A single scull was seen approaching from the start in Harvard's line. Are they started? No, only pulling around preliminarily. Somebody in the press boat hails the six-oar. "Is it a walk over?" "Yes," Mr. Cornell says. "Who for?" "Harvard?" Mr. Wells comes up pulling lazily, and as he passes the veteran six give him three cheers and the two familiar trios, "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A" and so forth, and the press boat steamed down toward the start again. Those on board viewed the rapidly rising wind with profound apprehension. When Mr. Wells came in sight of the grand stand, paddling leisurely down the course, the absence of his competitor caused many conjectures. When he was near enough for his colors to be distinguished, the Harvard crowd broke forth with their peculiar "Rah! rah! rah!" which sounds to the uninitiated so repeated, when, having crossed the line, Mr. Wells, after paying his respects at the judges' stand, pulled over to where his friends were.

YALE'S FAILURE TO APPEAR DUE TO A MISTAKE.

The circumstances of this failure appear to have been these: When the referee's boat arrived half an hour or so after the appointed time, Mr. Wells was near the start in a working boat with his shell in readiness. No one else was to be seen. The referee said to Mr. Wells that there must be a misunderstanding, because he had seen Mr. Kennedy on his way as far down as the Amherst House. Mr. Maxwell of Yale assured the referee that Mr. Kennedy intended to row, but that he thought, and that all the gentlemen at the Yale quarters supposed, that the single scull race was to come after the Freshman race. Several gentlemen and race officials on the referee's boat said that they had supposed the same thing, and the referee explained the circumstances to Mr. Wells, but added that the orders of the Chairman of the Regatta Committee were to have the boats started at once. Mr. Meeker, the time-keeper, asked whether the race might not be postponed by consent of Mr. Wells. The referee asked Mr. Wells whether he would now row over the course in the absence of Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Wells said "Yes." Mr. Gunster then started Mr. Wells, and he pulled over the course in solitary glory, time not taken.

CORNELL'S HARD-WON VICTORY IN THE FRESHMAN RACE.

A START ON TIME AND WITHOUT ACCIDENT—THE RACE ONE OF THE MOST EVEN THROUGHOUT ON RECORD—PRINCETON'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM POOLING THE FLAG—HARVARD LOST THE LEAD BY CATCHING A CRAB—HARVARD'S BEAUTIFUL ROWING—CORNELL'S TERRIFIC WINNING SPURT.

[BY TELEGRAPH FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SARATOGA, July 13.—Old Snake Hill looked cool and breezy enough, but you could fry an egg on the shingles of Cornell boat-house. The wind was rising, and somebody thought they saw a white cap or two, but he was rather peck-pooled down. At 28 minutes of 12, which meant half-past 11, the first cannon shot was heard from the hill. Half an hour before the Freshman race this meant. Two of the steamers were puffing about, one bothered by a tail of the always inefficient signal-boats, which are a standing nuisance of the Regatta, ever waiting to be put in their places at the last moment, and not getting there until after a vast fuss. The Referee's boat was shooting about in an excited manner. Harvard was out first and in the line. Princeton was second. Then came Brown, and Cornell, whose men had been rushing about on the shore in front of their boat-house, was last. After 25 minutes from the gun fire three crews were already in line, when Cornell came up and took her place at the far end. Brown was next to her. Princeton had the next line, and Harvard the next.

A HANDSOME START FOR ALL FOUR.

At two minutes before noon, Mr. Gunster had the four boats in a line, and put the question, "Are you ready?" "Then go!" followed almost instantly, and they were off handsomely. All the oars took the water together, and the four boats jumped away like one. Princeton took the lead almost immediately, and kept it while the boat moved in the direction in which she was first pointed. But in the second quarter of a mile, the steering on the New-Jersey boat was so bad that Princeton lost her lead and Harvard took the van. Brown, coming next, and Cornell very slightly in the rear. Things stood about that way between the half-mile and the mile. Harvard was half a length ahead of Brown, with half a dozen feet between Cornell, Brown, and Princeton, and the same distance between Princeton and Cornell.

By the time a field of racing boats has passed the

first mile, the crews have shown what is in them, and the race takes on a definite shape. The boats bunch or string out, or the crowd splits in two in the middle, or takes some shape which gives the observer, if he is able to keep his nerves steady enough to realize it, a clear idea of the character the race is to assume. It was evident at the mile line that this was an almost unprecedented even race for four boats; that there was no one superior to all the others, and that no crew was to drop very far to the rear, accidents excepted. Accidents did not seem improbable, for Princeton yawed back and forth, from side to side of her lane, three distinct times, and drew so perilously near the flags that the referee waved them off more than once, and the captain repeatedly called for his oarsmen to aid in steering, with "Pull hard port," or "Pull hard starboard." Harvard started a little nervous, perhaps, as the captain at the first quarter called to them to "Pull steady, boys." They settled down then, however, to a steady, determined, scientific-looking tug, which made everybody suppose they were sure of the race. But it was plainly to be a determined struggle, first one getting the advantage, and then another. At the mile, the boats were actually almost as nearly on a line as before they were started, and as they swept by the Judges' stand, the Brady, at the mile and a quarter, a plumb line from the bow of the outer to the bow of the inner boat would almost have touched the noses of the two intervening ones.

THE NUMBER OF STROKES.

The boats all went off with the stroke, which they pulled pretty steadily through the race. The spurring was in the nature of an extra effort, rather than a quicker stroke, though the stroke was quickened in the one or two cases. Brown pulled 37 strokes to the minute; Cornell, 33; Harvard, 34; Princeton, 36. Cornell did not vary through the race until the very end. They are said to have had definite orders to row their regular stroke to within 300 yards of the finish, and then to let out all there was left.

A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE DOWN THE SECOND MILE.

After the mile the racing was tremendous. Harvard took the lead and Brown made an extra effort. Cornell and Princeton were doing all they could, and the outwaters sea-sawed for half a mile. Harvard holding a little ahead. At the mile and a quarter Brown narrowly escaped a buoy, which gave Harvard the palm for steering, as she kept a perfect line all the way up the middle of her lane. Brown did not suffer, but dashed on and took the lead near the two-mile point. A small green punt here threw danger to Cornell and Princeton, but they passed safely on each side without delay. At the two-mile point Brown was leading. The pace throughout had been very even, the constant emulation crowding every crew to its utmost efforts. Princeton was about half a length behind Harvard and Cornell a few feet in rear of Princeton.

BROWN'S MISDEEDS AND HER PLUCKY FIGHT TO RECOVER LOST GROUND.

Harvard was very close upon Brown, so much so that from the referee's boat in the rear the Harvards were supposed to be ahead; but Brown had a lead, and was increasing it, when No. 2 took it into his head to catch a crab, which nearly upset the boat, as the captain says. He put his oar down deep in the water, and could not get it out to save him. The Brown boat stopped, and the aspect of the race changed in a second. Harvard shot ahead, with clear water between her stern and Princeton's bow, and Brown dropped two or three lengths to the rear, a full length behind Cornell. The hearts of the Brown men on shore sank, but the Brown Captain called to his crew, "Right along, boys; don't stop. Hit her right up!" and the boys hit her right up accordingly. They put on a splendid spurt, and quickly left Cornell pounding along in the rear. In the course of a half-mile they regained half their lost ground and collared Princeton, drawing upon her till they had a lead of three-quarters of a length, which they soon increased to a lead of clear water. Cornell meantime had steadily drawn up, and left Princeton in the last place.

THE HOMESTRETCH.

As the boats passed the observatory on Ramsdell's Point, less than half a mile from the finish, Harvard led, Brown was second, Cornell third, and Princeton last, with little over a boat's length between any two of them. As they approached close to the grand stand, notwithstanding the almost electrifying "Rah, rah, rah" of Harvard's gathered hundreds, it was evident that the strength of the Crimson was fading, and when Cornell glided up to them, the Harvard seemed to be seized with a sort of despair. No. 2 had already wilted, and the crew seemed to need all their little remaining power to maintain the second position, of which Brown was working hard to deprive them. Princeton pulled a plucky up-hill race at this point, but seemed to lack the fresh springy action that characterized Cornell. As the crews came up to the grand stand, where Mr. Nicoll made the final struggle which won the Freshman race of last year, Harvard was leading slightly. Cornell was rowing a deliberate stroke of 32 to the minute. Next beyond them the Brown crew, lagging then, were moving steadily at 36 strokes, while Princeton brought up the rear, and were apparently in difficulties.

CORNELL GOES TO THE FRONT.

As the crews reached the upper row of flags opposite the Grand Stand, Cornell suddenly quickened and began to come up from the rear. This effort was quickly taken up by Harvard, and then by Brown, but the Cornell men evidently had the most life, as in a very few strokes they had reached and passed Harvard. Before the stand was reached clear water could be seen between the boats. The Browns were late in their sport, and it was a matter of

FRANCE.

INTRIGUES OF THE IMPERIALISTS.

THE ELECTION OF M. BOUTROUING ANNULLLED—DECLARATION BY M. ROCHER THAT HE DIRECTED THE BONAPARTIST COMMITTEE OF APPEAL.

VERSAILLES, Tuesday, July 13, 1875.

The Assembly to-day declared the election of M. Bouteouing in the Department of Nièvre null and void by a vote of 330 yeas to 310 nays.

The Assembly was crowded on the floor and in the galleries. After the vote had been declared, M. Duval, a Bonapartist, addressed an interpellation to the Government as to the line of conduct he intended to pursue toward the Imperialists.

M. Buffet, President of the Council, replied that the Government regarded it as its duty to insure respect for and obedience to the Constitution. It would tolerate no factious intrigues from any quarter, nor would it take the initiative in illegal persecutions, but would refer all unlawful acts to the tribunals.

The declaration produced great excitement in the Chamber.

M. Rouher introduced a proposition authorizing a new election in the Nièvre, notwithstanding the law forbidding supplementary elections for the present Assembly. In the course of his remarks he made an allusion to the Committee for Appeal to the People, which he acknowledged he directed.

This bold avowal of the existence of such a committee, which M. Rouher had previously denied on his honor, was received with surprise, and caused great excitement.

The debate was adjourned until to-morrow.

THE RECENT INUNDATIONS.

MORE ABOUT THE GREAT DAMAGE TO PROPERTY—REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF CHARITY IN BEHALF OF THE SUFFERERS BY PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, June 30.—The floods that broke out last week in the South of France are the foremost topic of conversation. A few days before, the weather being unusually cold, what would have been rain in the low lands fell as snow on the upper slopes of the Pyrenees. When the wind changed to the west, the swift melting of the snow helped to swell the waters of the Garonne, the Adour, and their affluents with astonishing rapidity. At Toulouse the first serious alarm was felt early on the morning of the 23d, a week ago to-day. Twenty-four hours later the populous quarter of St. Cyprien, on the left bank of the Garonne, was under water, hundreds of its inhabitants were drowned or crushed in the ruins of their falling houses, and nearly 20,000 persons became homeless. Toulouse, because of its accumulation of people and buildings and wealth, was a sort of capital of disaster; but the waste and ruin are widespread throughout the valley. Several villages are mentioned where, of 200 and 300 houses, no buildings remain standing but the church and a house or two. Solidly constructed stone bridges have been swept away like driftwood; roads have been gullied into impassability; cattle and garnered harvests, and growing crops, vineyards and the arable soil itself, have been swept off or overwhelmed with sterile sand and gravel.

The loss of life is greater, I think, than in the Rhone and Loire floods of 1856. The whole extent of material destruction is not yet ascertained. Estimates (as yet only approximate, but that do not seem to be extravagant) rate it at from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000. That it is enormous, and can be only partially made up to the more needy sufferers, is unquestionable. That something can be done for them by the more fortunate is certain, and little questioned. Here is the bright side to the sad story. Never—not when the call was made for the benefit of the victims of a like calamity in 1856; not when it was made for "our soldiers" in the Crimean campaign, and not when it was made for the peasants unhoused or those from Alsace and Lorraine who were exiled by the late war—have I known in France any movement for charity's sake so spontaneous, general, and largely generous as the one now sweeping over the whole country, with something of the rapidity and might of the flood that provokes it. All classes and specialties of institutions and individuals rushed into it. No sooner had news of the calamity reached Versailles than the President of the Republic accompanied by the Minister of the Interior started for Toulouse, making first these two preparations for his travel—a pocketful of his own money for immediate use, and advice to Madame MacMahon to put herself at the head of a central subscription committee. It is said that the President drew on his private bankers for more money the third day after his arrival in the wasted valley. No one does say or explain how or when the kind-hearted man gave his tough 68-year-old soldier-body enough needless hours for taking food and sleep. We know that the Committee over which his wife presides sent off \$40,000 the day after its organization, and has as much more in hand subsequently collected.

Several of the Paris newspapers have opened contribution-boxes and subscription-lists at their offices. *Le Temps*, after three days, received nearly \$6,000; *Le Rappel* received over \$2,000. The published lists of other journals show some larger, some smaller receipts. Many of the 40 daily Paris journals do not receive at their own bureaux, but all solicit, and most of them give. Thus, the Bonapartist *L'Ordre* sends its \$100 (*Le Temps* gave \$400) to the box of its political confrere *Le Gaulois*. It is a pity that newspaper editors who are politicians by trade and passion could not let the national movement of human charity run free and clear of their shallow partisan perturbations. *La République Française*, the ablest organ of advanced sincere republicanism, having opened a subscription, miserably

weakens the moral value of its pecuniary charity by reproaching the Bonapartists, not very aptly, for lack of generosity. *Le Pays*, by its chief editor, Paul de Cassagnac, catches at the opportunity for making a characteristically brilliant, scurrilous report. The provocation was foolishly impolitic; the refutation was foolishly impolitic; both childish wisest merit punishment. Happily, their wretched little quarrel has not largely excited the rank and file of French folly, whether Imperialists or Republicans.

To say that managers of theaters, dramatic authors and actors, are giving their nights so much more productive than the profits of the days of other folks, commercial folks, for example, whom no one expects to give the profits of their great days, is merely to say that these people are as usual the most generous of our modern communities. But on this exceptional occasion, be it placed to their credit, bankers and banking institutions, railway corporations, and mercantile houses, and men of letters, actors, theatrical houses, and men of letters, in a self-sacrificing devotion well ahead of these are the officers and common soldiers of the army, the priests and sisters of charity, who all did, with equally devout thoroughness and usefulness, the work offered them by the disaster at Toulouse. The call now for such later help as France can give is echoed from prefecture to bishopric, and answered from all the pulpits and municipalities of the Republic.

Leaving out of consideration the other and perhaps better features of this essentially national French movement, this eminent feature of spontaneity and universality is much to be considered. I am the more urged respectfully to request attention to this characteristic because of my reading this morning extracts from an article in *The London Daily News* in which it is assumed that, in face of this immense disaster, the French cannot display any capacity of self-help. That England should seek an outlet in suffering France for some rich portion of her ever ready overflowing charities, was to be expected. That Alsace and Lorraine should send charitable money to those who need in France is a fact anticipated by all. The Anglo-American colony here in Paris is also doing something, though not much, under the impulse given by Lord Lyons and Mr. Washburne.

AMERICAN RIFLEMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

PRIZE OFFERED THEM FOR COMPETITION. RESOLUTION OFFERED BY THE BRITISH RIFLE ASSOCIATION—CHALLENGE CUP PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK RIFLE ASSOCIATION—THE FIRST COMPETITION TO TAKE PLACE AT WIMBLEDON.

LONDON, Tuesday, July 13, 1875.

The Council of the British National Rifle Association, at its meeting to-day, adopted a resolution that the New-York Rifle Association be invited to accept a challenge cup to be competed for in 1875 at Wimbledon by the Americans; the winner to hold the cup until the next meeting of the New-York Association, when he is to hand it over to the Council of that Association in order that it may be competed for then and annually thereafter at a range of 1,000 yards, on conditions to be determined by the New-York Association.

Mr. Henry Parsons, Adjutant of the British Team, telegraphs as follows from Wimbledon: "I regret to say that the Council will not allow the last proposed match for Saturday between the Americans and the representatives of the three British regiments of 1874 and 1875 to be shot. We intend to offer the Americans a cup, which they may take back with them and shoot for at home."

THE AMERICAN TEAM IN SCOTLAND.

VISITS TO ABBOTSFORD AND MELROSE—BANQUET AT EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, Tuesday, July 13, 1875.

The members of the American Team and their friends visited Abbotsford and Melrose to-day. William Nelson, a leading citizen of Edinburgh, gave them a banquet to-night, in the course of which he made a speech warm in eulogy of America.

Col. Gildersleeve responded in fitting terms.

The members of the Team leave for London to-morrow.

RECEPTION OF THE TEAM IN NEW-YORK.

The following gentlemen have been appointed a committee of the National Rifle Association to act with a committee of the American Rifle Club to make arrangements for the reception to the American Team: Gen. Alex. Shaler, Gen. M. T. McMahon, Gen. Kilbourne Knox, D. W. Judd, M. P. Stanton, and Capt. N. C. Casey. The Committee will meet on Friday.

[For other Foreign News see Fifth Page.]

GEN. CROOK'S COMMANDS AS TO THE BLACK HILLS.

OMAHA, Neb., July 13.—In reply to an inquiry of Gen. George Crook, commanding, to the War Department, as to what should be done with miners already in the Black Hills country, and those hereafter found therein, the following dispatch has just been received through Gen. Sherman and Gen. Sheridan:

Referring to your dispatch of the 3d inst., the President directs that you issue the orders necessary to continue to keep people from going to the Black Hills, at least until the result of the labor of the Commission to treat with the Indians is known.

THOS. M. VINCENT, A. A. G.

THE RED CLOUD FRAUDS.

PROF. O. C. MARSH'S ABRAIGNMENT OF THE INDIAN KING.

A STATEMENT MADE TO THE PRESIDENT. THE AGENT AT RED CLOUD GUILTY OF GROSS FRAUDS UPON THE INDIANS IN HIS CHARGE—THE NUMBER OF INDIANS SYSTEMATICALLY EXAGGERATED—A SUSPICIOUS ISSUE OF ANNUITY GOODS—SYSTEMATIC FRAUDS IN THE BEEF CONTRACTS—UNWHOLESOME PORK, INFERIOR FLOUR, POOR SUGAR AND COFFEE, AND ROTTEN TOBACCO ISSUED TO THE INDIANS—A FRAUDULENT CONTRACT FOR FREIGHT FROM CHEYENNE TO RED CLOUD.

To the President of the United States—Sir: In the two interviews I have had with you on Indian affairs, I was impressed with your earnest desire to do justice to the Indians, and with your broad and philanthropic views on the whole Indian question. This must be my excuse, as a private citizen, for coming again to you, to lay before you a statement of wrongs committed on the Sioux Indians, mainly under my own observation, during a recent visit to their country. My visit to this region was wholly in the interests of science, with no intention or wish to investigate Indian affairs. The frauds I observed were brought to my notice by Red Cloud, who refused to allow my party to enter the "Bad Lands" until I had promised to submit his complaints to you, in person.

Since my interview with you upon this subject, I have been informed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the appointment of a committee to investigate affairs at the Red Cloud Agency, and invited to lay a statement of the facts before them. This I am quite ready to do whenever the committee request it. I must decline, however, to give my statement to the Interior Department alone, for the following reasons:

First: I have no confidence whatever in the sincerity of the Secretary of the Interior or the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, when they publicly announce their wish and determination to correct the present abuses in Indian management, because I have reason to know that they have long been aware of these abuses, and have made no sincere effort to reform them.

Second: In all my intercourse with these two officials, their object has manifestly been to find out, not so much what the frauds actually were, as the extent of my information concerning them, so as to prevent, by every means in their power, all publicity or exposure of them.

Third: The evidence now in my possession reflects unfavorably on both Secretary Delano and Commissioner Smith.

For these reasons, I have thought best to lay before you, to whom, in accordance with my promise to Red Cloud, I made my first communication, the accompanying statement in detail, in full confidence that the evidence presented will meet with the consideration its importance demands. In the statement which accompanies this letter I have given the results of my investigation into the affairs of Red Cloud Agency, the largest and most important in the West. These results clearly indicate both mismanagement and fraud, especially in the following particulars:

First: The Agent, J. J. Saville, is wholly unfit for his position, and guilty of gross frauds upon the Indians in his charge.

Second: The number of Indians at this Agency has been systematically overstated, for purposes which can only result in fraud.

Third: The last issue of annuity goods, which I witnessed, was a suspicious transaction, and, in part at least, fraudulent.

Fourth: The beef cattle given to the Indians have been very inferior, owing to systematic frauds practiced by the agent and beef contractors.

Fifth: The pork issued to the Indians during my visit was not suitable for human food.

Sixth: The flour was very inferior, and the evidence of fraud in this article is conclusive.

Seventh: The sugar and coffee issued were not good, although better than the other supplies.

Eighth: The tobacco observed was rotten, and of little or no use to the Indians.

Ninth: In consequence of fraud and mismanagement, the Indians suffered greatly during the past Winter for want of food and clothing.

Tenth: The contract for freight from Cheyenne to Red Cloud Agency was fraudulent, as the true distance is 145 miles, while the contractor was paid for 212 miles.

I would especially call your attention to the evidence of fraud in beef cattle, as presented in the accompanying statement. This subject I investigated with much care, as beef is the principal article of food of the Sioux Indians, and the frauds I observed have caused great suffering among them, as well as great pecuniary loss to the Government. The statement I have prepared is supported in all its essential parts by the testimony of officers of the army, who were with me on my expedition, or at the Red Cloud Agency. Among these officers are several personally known to you, and all are gentlemen of high character. Should any part of my statement be seriously questioned, I trust you will allow these gentlemen to be heard. If the commanding officers of all posts near Indian agencies, or other equally trustworthy and disinterested observers there, could likewise testify, I think it would be found that I have but faintly indicated the corruption pervading Indian affairs.

I have purposely confined myself in this statement to a single agency, and mainly to the time of my visit, without reference to much other testimony, which has come to me incidentally in the prosecution of my inquiries, showing frauds of equal magnitude at other points. This corruption, which is a constant source of discontent and hostility among the Indians themselves, is, in my judgment, a natural result of the present loose and irresponsible system of furnishing the Indians with goods and supplies, a system that tends directly to invite fraud. I do not believe that anything but a radical change in this respect will prevent the continued demoralization of the Indian service. You alone have the will and the power to destroy that combination of bad men, known as the Indian King, who are debasing this service and thwarting the efforts of all who endeavor to bring to a full consummation